

HOLMAN BLOCK.

THE FAIR.

RED JACKET.

Just arrived from the market with an extra new stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, at prices way beyond our Competitors in Houghton County.

Dress Goods Department.

Double Width Worsted Plaids at.....6½ cents per yard

40-inch Henrietta, all colors, at.....15 cents per yard

40-inch Brocaded, in different designs, at.....18 cents per yard

44-inch Silk Warp Henrietta, at.....47 cents per yard

42-inch Novelty Dress goods, at.....42 cents per yard

Sold elsewhere at 75 cents per yard.

54-inch Broad Cloth, best quality, at.....68 cents per yard

42-inch Fancy Brocaded Serge, in large and small designs, at.....43 cents per yard

Worth double.

Special.

50 Pieces of Novelty Dress Goods in Black and all wool Boucles and other Rouge, sold before at \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.50, must now go at

98 Cents Per Yard.

Flannel Department.

100 pieces of Heavy

Tennis Flannel, of different designs, at 9 cts. per yard. Worth 20 cts per pard.

All Wool Twill Red Flannel at 17c per yard.

All Wool White Flannel at 19c per yard,

All Wool Extra Heavy Shirting Flannel at 27 cents per yard.

The Best Gingham at 5 cents per yard.

Cotton Flannel at 4 cents per yard.

Hosiery Department.

Ladies All-Wool Hose, at 16 cents per pair
Child's and Misses' Hose, at 11 cents "
Men's Extra Heavy Socks, 19 "

Ladies' Silk Mitts, at 42c per Pair.

Men's German Socks, the Best, 58c per Pair.

Furnishings.

Our Furnishing Goods Department is Complete.

Ladies' Ribbed Vests, Fleeced Lined, at 20 cents Each.

Ladies' Natural Wool Vests, 78 cents; sold elsewhere at \$1.25.

Child's All-Wool Vests, 22 cts. and Upward.

Men's Fleece Lined Underwear from 44 cents and Upward.

Men's Heavy, All Wool Underwear at 72 cents and Upward.

Men's Wool Dress Shirts, Ties to Match, at 72 cents and up.

Shoe Department.

Our Stock of Shoes and Rubbers is the Largest in the City.

Men's Working Shoes at.....88c per pair

Men's Buff Shoes at.....\$1.18 per pair

Men's Calf Shoes at.....\$1.48 per pair

Men's Dongola Shoes at.....\$1.63 and up

Men's Cordovan Shoes at.....\$2.48 and up

worth double.

100 pairs of Men's Velvet Slippers, all different styles, at.....78c per pair

Worth \$1.50 per pair.

Men's Arctics.....88c per pair

Ladies' Felt Slippers at.....48c per pair

Ladies' Felt Shoes at.....88c per pair

Ladies' Julich, lined clear out with fur at.....93c per pair

Ladies' Dongola Shoes at.....\$1.08 per pair

Ladies' Hand Turned American Kid at.....\$1.58 per pair

French Kid, hand sewed,\$2.23 and up

Ladies' Storm Rubbers.....23c

Clothing Department.

Our Stock Is the Most Complete in the City.

Men's All-Wool Ulsters, from.....\$4.99 and up

Genuine Irish Frieze Ulsters, at.....\$9.88

Men's Blue Chinchilla Overcoat, all wool, at \$5.48; worth more than double.

Men's Blue Melton Overcoat, at.....\$5.98

"Pea Jackets, coat and vest, \$3.48 and up.

Boys' Overcoats, all wool.....\$2.78 and up

Child's All-Wool Cape Overcoat, \$1.48 "

Men's Suits, from.....1.48 "

"Clay Worsted, from.....6.25 "

"Working Pants, at.....48c per pair

Fifty Pairs of Pants that were \$4

\$5 and \$6, MUST NOW GO

at \$2.10 Per Pair.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

Our Stock is Complete. Prices are too Low to Mention.

Boys' Reefers, from 4 to 15, at.....\$2.23

"All-Wool Cheviot Suits, at.....1.73

"Knee Pants, all wool, 4 to 15.....25

Call early and secure Bargains while the Stock is complete. Fair prices and fair dealings.

Holman Block.

THE FAIR.

A BALL IN THE LIBRARY

May Be a Contest Over the Matter.

MR. SPOFFORD DOES NOT LIKE IT.

Objections to Using the National Library For the Great Inauguration Ball—One of the Grandest Structures in the World. Capital Gossip.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—[Special.]—The understanding at the present time is that the McKinley Inauguration ball will be held in the new National library building. There are objections to the use of this building for this purpose, but they are mainly of a sentimental character. The joint committee of congress on the library, which has the building directly under its control, is opposed to having the ball in the new structure. So is Librarian Spofford, whose opinion counts for much with members of congress. Inasmuch as the consent of congress must be obtained, there is likely to be a contest over the matter in case the citizens' committee decides in favor of the library. Still the chances are the inauguration committee will have its way.

A Beautiful Building.

The difference between the pension office, in which inaugural balls have recently been held, and the library building, as Senator Proctor pointed out to Mr. Hanna the other day, is that the former is a barracks, while the latter is a palace. The new library of congress is, without doubt, the most beautiful building in the world devoted to library purposes, and it is one of the most beautiful buildings of any nature anywhere. It is richly decorated within, and its rotunda, though not quite as large as the rotunda of the capitol, is more perfectly proportioned and more sumptuously ornamented. The new library will be ready for occupancy about the 1st of March, and preparations are already being made for removal of the books and pamphlets from the capitol to the new building. This will be a large job, and the present plan is to shove the books through an underground tunnel built for the purpose. When the building and its appliances are in perfect working order, the tunnel will be in constant use. Senators and members of congress may call for their books in the capitol, the orders will be given by the attendants over the telephone lines, and the volumes will be quickly dispatched to the capitol by the tunnel, about a quarter of a mile long.

One objection to the use of the library for the inaugural ball is that it may delay the removal of the library. Mr. Spofford is as eager to get into his new building as a small boy ever was to get his feet inside a pair of new boots. Nor is it any wonder.

For a quarter of a century the old gentleman has struggled along with the cramped and gloomy quarters in which the literary treasures of the nation are now stored. He and his assistants have been compelled to live about with lighted lamps

in order to see their way in the dark alcoves. They have piled books upon books in great, dusty heaps. It is not surprising that they are eager to get into the palace built for their use, where there will be plenty of light, air and room.

A Veteran Librarian.

Some day the nation will realize how much it owes to the patience, the skill, the genius, of this veteran librarian. He has been the life and soul of the great library for a quarter of a century. He knows literally every book and pamphlet within its walls. He gives more suggestions to students and investigators than any other librarian ever seen in this country. He has made the great library what it is, and the whole country to be rejoiced to see him installed with his literary treasures in the splendid building now almost ready to receive them.

Some time ago there was a great ado about the accounts of Librarian Spofford. Careless newspaper men even went so far as to insinuate that he was a defaulter. It was true there was an apparent shortage in his accounts, but the trouble was wholly one of bookkeeping, and not of peculation or irregularity. Mr. Spofford's friends never doubted his rugged honesty, and in the mind of the president there was never a thought of removing him. The trouble was wholly one due to the confusion attendant upon the copyright business of the library, which by law is in the librarian's hands, but with no adequate provision for discharge of the work.

Balls and Dancing.

If the ball be held in the library, thousands of Americans will be given an opportunity to see what a magnificent structure congress has provided for the literary accumulations of the past 50 years. The chief trouble with this building for the purposes of an inaugural ball is that the affair will have to be split up between four apartments instead of being concentrated in one great hall, as is the case at the pension office. That may destroy to some extent the ensemble and mar the picture. But from every other point of view it will be an advantage. Inaugural balls, as a rule, are farcical so far as dancing is concerned. The crowd is so great that waiting is almost impossible. Try as hard as they may, the floor managers are unable to keep a sufficient space in which the revellers may enjoy themselves. A ball with from 10,000 to 12,000 persons in attendance is a pretty big affair, and vast as is the great court of the pension office it is not equal to the demands made upon it.

An inaugural ball, therefore, becomes much more a reception than anything else. The people come to meet the then president and his wife, to see and be seen in their fine clothes, to eat and drink, be merry and get their names in the newspapers. The president and his wife do not dance. Few people do dance. The reception of the presidential party is the principal attraction. Those who advocate the use of the library building say it offers unequalled advantages for a reception. There are many apartments and halls, each of which can be set apart for a certain purpose. These rooms devoted to dancing can be kept cleared. There is ample space for the supper rooms, and, above all, a grand, golden hall, in which President McKinley and his party may hold their reception to the multitude.

The new library building stands just across an open space in front of the capitol, and the suggestion has been made that if the ball be given there the capitol should be illuminated in honor of the event. The United States capitol is one of the grandest structures in the world, and if illuminated by electricity, with a glittering diadem of the Goddess of Liberty on the dome, the scene would be worth traveling nunnies to behold. WALTER WELLMAN

Dining Ahead of Time.

The Marquise de Fontenoy tells this story of Sir William Harcourt: It seems that on a Monday night during a very busy London season, after consulting his list of engagements, he went out to dinner. He fancied he observed on making his entrance to the drawing room that his host and hostess looked at him with surprise, and even embarrassment. But he did not think anything more about the matter and enjoyed himself very much. Tuesday he kept another dinner engagement, which was entered in his book. Again he noticed an almost frightened look passing between his host and hostess when his name was announced. Again the embarrassment proved transitory, and Sir William had another thoroughly enjoyable evening. The same thing took place on Wednesday and Thursday nights. But on Friday, while keeping the last of the engagements of the week, which were marked down in his book, he found that the butler who was to announce him was an old acquaintance and had formerly been in his service. The man started back and gazed at him open mouthed. "What's the matter, John?" asked the statesman. "Didn't you expect me to dinner?" "Yes, Sir William," explained the butler, "but it wasn't tonight. It was for Friday of next week." Investigation of the engagement book explained the mystery. Each page noted a week's engagements. Sir William, in his haste, had turned over two pages and had thus been keeping engagements which fell due a week later.

Not What He Needed.

She had undertaken to help him in his literary labors. "Here is something that you really ought to read," she said, looking up from the magazine she had hastily been looking through.

"What is it?" he asked. "A long article about how to write short stories," she answered. "Throw it away!" he cried, and she thought she detected a trace of something like agony in his voice. "I've written that kind of stuff myself. Any one can do it. Just keep your eye open for something that tells how to get short stories accepted and you may be able to help me."—Chicago Post.

The first stereotyping was done in 1818 in New York.

BORRERIN BACK AN FO' TH.

Ma an Mis' Hays had long ergreed Ter borrrer back an fo' th. Them little things 'at women need Were one 'ad fo' der both. So ma she kep' a candle mold, Mis' Hays a coffee grinder. An ma a w'ed, Mis' Hays a reel, Flax betchele, brakes an a wheel.

An, oh, wut leaps my glad heart lops W'en Marthy Ellen'd come An ast for a pigin o' sof' soap Er candles to take hum. Fer then I'd see 'er back ergain An walk so good an slow. Thet quarter mile 'ad las' aw'ile—An hour o' bliss er so.

She'd come fer pork. I'd go fer bread Er empt' in's for a 'rison. Er hanks o' yara er spoils o' thread. An wut wuz mos' surprisin A-farmin it on sheers; But I allus think o' the good ole times W'en me an Marthy both Hed blissful days an ma an Mis' Hays Wuz borrrer in back an fo' th. "W'y, hello, Jim! That you?"

Wah, Marthy's gone, an ma is dead. Fied are the happy years. A Kanuck is on the Hays humstead A-farmin it on sheers; But I allus think o' the good ole times W'en me an Marthy both Hed blissful days an ma an Mis' Hays Wuz borrrer in back an fo' th. —J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

The Familiar Stable Call Brought the Stomping Horses Back.

The editor of Thierfreu relates the following story of his own personal experience of the sagacity of military horses. In the year 1872, during a skirmish with the Sioux Indians, "the Third cavalry regiment had formed an encampment in a valley on the southern border of Dakota. At nightfall the horses were tethered by a long line to the ground. Toward daybreak a violent storm of rain and hail burst over the valley. The terrified animals broke loose from their fastenings, and in their fright tore away up the steep sides of the valley into the territory of the enemy. Without horses, at the mercy of the enemy, we should be lost. Yet it was impossible, in the half darkness, to go after them into an unknown country, probably full of Indians. The captain, as a last resource, ordered the stable call to be sounded. In a few minutes every horse had returned to the encampment, and we were saved."

A gentleman who was a finished musician resided some years ago at Darmstadt and kept a dog, which was the terror of all the singers and instrumentalists in the place, for it had the fatal habit of raising its face to heaven and howling whenever a false note was emitted. It never made a mistake, and well known singers were said to tremble when they saw their unwelcome judge, seated by his master's side, at concerts or at the opera, for Max was a regular first nighter and a great friend of the theater director. He was never known to miss a new opera. Max was no respecter of persons, and when the sing-

ing was but a shade out he would attract the attention of the whole audience to it with a terrific howl. One tenor went so far as to refuse to sing unless the dog was removed, but Max was so great a favorite with the Darmstadt public and such a well known frequenter that the singer might as well have requested to have the director himself removed from the stalls, and he was obliged to give in with as good a grace as possible. The dog's master stated that he had trained him when he was quite a puppy, and by the time he was 3 years old the dog was as good a judge as his master of a false note.—Boston Transcript.

The Irish Potato Not Irish.

"The peculiarity of the Irish potato, so called, is in the fact that it is not Irish," observed one of the potato experts of the agricultural department. "The potato originally grew wild in the fields of Chile, Peru and Mexico. Sir John Hawkins did not take it to Ireland until 1565. Sir Francis Drake took it to England 20 years afterward. It did better, however, in Ireland than anywhere else and got its name, no doubt, because of its early and extensive cultivation in Ireland. Botanically it was originally known as the Batata virginiana, but in after years it was properly identified and classified as the Solanum tuberosum. As the winter stock is now being laid in, it may be well for the inexperienced to be able to select good potatoes.

"Cut the raw potato in two and rub the halves together. If the moisture on rubbing is soft and liquid enough to drop, the potato will be soggy and set when cooked. Rub the halves briskly around on each other. A potato that will be dry and mealy when cooked will give out a good, rich froth, while a poor one will show only a watery froth by the same action. The pieces will stick together if the potato is a good one. Of course the whole thing is to test the amount of starch in the potato, for the more starch the better the potato. If, however, a person intends to lay in a very large supply, the best plan, of course, is to cook them, and there will be no chance of a mistake."—Washington Star.

Out of Sight.

First Aeronaut—I bought a new balloon for my wife yesterday.

Second Aeronaut—How did she like it?

First Aeronaut—Oh, she was quite taken up with it.—New York Press.

The oldest crown preserved among the royal regalia of Great Britain is that which was worn by Charles II, being made for him at his coronation in 1660.

A foot of common measure is equal to 80 centimeters or hundredths of a meter.

Peacock's Feathers Unlucky.

Unluckiness seems to be confined to the bringing of the tail feathers of no's bird into a house. I am not at all that this idea is held outside this country, and if it is confined to England, many various causes may have led to the belief, which possibly arose in comparatively modern times—no earlier than the crusades.

Nothing is more probable than several crusaders brought home the gorgeous feathers as curiosities, a sight, and so likely to make a deep impression. Nothing is easier to connect than that some misfortune, death, disease, loss of wealth or other "luck" may have happened to some one possessor of the beautiful feathers, and that they would on that account be credited with being the cause. A belief of this kind once started rapid growth and very long lives. Notes and Queries.

Want of Time.

The man who immerses himself in business that he may accumulate property, or that his family may live in luxury and idleness, has no right to plead want of time for other claims, is not true that he cannot comply with them, but that he has chosen not to. The woman who, absorbed in a round of gaiety and society, forgets that she has no time to train her dromedary and superintend her household, uttering an excuse as vain as it is false. She simply decides to use her time for other purposes. And this liberty of choice belongs to every one, in spite of any desire or attempt to disclaim. New York Ledger.

So Am I.

An elderly gentleman living in Lancashire was noted for his intellect. On one occasion, when he had been bibing pretty freely, he was met by a clergyman of the parish in which he lived.

"Drunk again, John?" said the

tor. "So am I! So am I!" replied the truthful John, much to the amusement of his spiritual adviser.—Sparements.

Of the Earth, Earthy.

"No," said the gentleman who fond of quoting texts, "I cannot say anything on that account today, for I promised you, and I am not but man is naught but poor, weak and you know."

"I realize that," said the collector. "I am glad you do, my friend."

"And I came around here in the of striking pay dirt, but I seem to have missed it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Francis I of France was designated Father of Letters on account of the encouragement he gave to the arts and literature.